When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight,
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certaine you were not so bad,
As with foule Incest to abuse your soule:
VVhere now you both a father and a sonne,
By your vntimely claspings with your childe,
(VVhich pleasures fits an husband,not a father)
And she an eater of her mothers flesh,
By the defiling of her parents bed,
And both like serpents are,who though they feed
On sweetest flowers,yet they poyson breed.
Antioch farwell,for wisedome sees those men
Blush not in actions blacker then the night,
VVill shew no course to keepe them from the light:
One sinne (I know) another doth prouoke;
Murder's as neere to iust,as flame to smoake:
Poyson and treason are the hands of sinne,
I,and the Targets to put off the shame,
Then least my life be cropt to keepe you cleare,
By flight Ile shun the danger which I feare. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus.

Anti. He hath found the meaning,
For which we meane to haue his head,
He must not liue to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, *Antiochus* doth sinne
In such a loathed manner.
And therefore instantly this Prince must die,
For by his fall,my honour must keepe hie.
VVho attends vs there?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your highnesse call?
Anti. *Thaliard*,you are of our Chamber,
And our minde partakes her priuate actions
To your secresie; and for your faithfulnesse
VVe will aduance you *Thaliard*:

Behold,

Behold,heer's poyson and heer's gold,
VVe hate the Prince of *Tyre*,and thou must kill him,
It fits thee not to aske the reason why?
Because we bid it: say,is it done?
Thal. My Lord,tis done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough. Let your breath coole your selfe,tell
haste.
Mess. My Lord,Prince *Pericles* is fled.
Ant. As thou wilt liue,flye after, and like an arrow s
a well experient Archer hits the marke his eye doth leu
do thou neuer returne,vnlesse thou say,Prince *Pericles* is
Thal. My Lord,if I can get him within my pistols le
make him sure enough: so farwell to your highnesse.
Anti. Thaliard adieu,till *Pericles* be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head.

Enter Pericles with his Lords.

Per. Let none disturbe vs:
VVhy should this change of thoughts,
The sad companion dull-eyde melancholy,
By me so vsde, a guest as not an houre,
In the dayes glorious walke or peacefull night,
The toombe where griefe should sleepe,can breed me
Here pleasures court mine eyes,and mine eyes shun the
And danger which I feard,is at *Antioch*,
VVhose arme seemes farre too short to hit me here,
Yet neither pleasures art can ioy my spirits,
Nor yet the others distance comfort me:
Then it is thus,that passions of the minde,
That haue their first conception by mis-dread,
Haue after nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but feare,what might be done,
Growes elder now,and cares it be not done.
And so with me; the great *Antiochus*,
Gainst whom I am too little to contend,